



THE CASKET.

“ With sweetest flowers enrich’d,
From various gardens cull’d with care.”

BY CHARLES CANDID.

VOL. I.

Saturday, Jan. 11. 1812.

No. 6.

PEROUROU ; OR THE BELLOWS MENDER.

AFTER disposing of all my property for which I had no immediate use, I was master of ten thousand crowns. It was announced that we were going to have a war with some of the principal powers of Europe. In consequence of this, with the assistance of my friends, I made a bold speculation, the failure of which would involve me in poverty and wretchedness ; but, if successful, would increase my worth fourfold. While my commercial concerns were going on with the greatest secrecy, my history became the subject of public conversation. From her recluse situation in the monastery Aurora indignantly exclaimed against me and my friends. The want of address in attacking the engravers, by not putting the laughers on her side, was to me a great advantage, because their own interests obliged them to undertake my defence. Aurora insisted that our marriage should be set aside. The Abbess of the convent to which she had retired, respectable alike for her birth and goodness of heart, did every thing in her power to favor my wife’s resolution. Added to this, Aurora’s father had his protectors and friends, and we seemed to be menaced with defeat on every side, the scandal of which would indeed, fall upon the engravers, but the most fatal and destructive consequences on myself alone. In the mean

time they amused themselves with observing Aurora's pride becoming its own punishment, by the noise and talk the affair made. But all their merriment did not soften the rigid process of law. An order was issued for my arrest, and its execution was prevented solely by my concealment. The case was called before the court for a hearing.

Aurora had requested a guard to attend her to the tribunal where our marriage was to be declared either null or valid. There she made her appearance in all her lustre of beauty, which a natural modesty made still more charming. Scarcely ever did a law-suit attract more auditors. Her lawyer plead her cause with such a flow of eloquence that he was several times interrupted by the tears and emotions of the audience. The feelings of the judges were such, that it appeared their sympathy would evidently influence their sentence; when the engraver, who had wished to be Aurora's husband, perceiving that no one rose up in my defence, asked permission of the judges to speak in my behalf. Leave was accordingly given him, that it might not be said I was condemned unheard. He told them my whole story in a few words, in which he was lavish in nothing so much as in my praise. He, however, confessed that the circumstances attending my marriage were such as might justify the judges in declaring the marriage void. He then paused for a moment..... The most profound silence prevailed in the hall, when addressing himself to Aurora, he said, "Perhaps, madam, nature did not intend you for a bellows mender's wife, but he, nevertheless, obliges you to be the mother of his child! Can you, by insisting to be set free from your present engagements, proclaim before this honorable court the illegitimacy of your offspring?"....."No, no," exclaimed the trembling Aurora, melting into tears. The spectators, with emotions no less vehement, cried out with one voice, "No, no!"

This exclamation of maternal affection decided the case: the judges declared the marriage valid, because the contract was signed with my real name. They ad-

ded even, that our conditions in life were not so unequal as to justify a dissolution of the marriage contract. But in order that the victory of a mere fortune-hunter might not be too mortifying, they prudently declared that my wife was at liberty to remain in the convent which she had chosen for a retreat, from which her husband should have no right to reclaim her, under pain of corporal punishment; that the infant should be baptised with my name, but that I should have no authority over it. Aurora left the court with a show of triumph, followed by the croud, who were loud in their praises of the sacrifice she had made to prevent her child being exposed to the ridicule of the malignant. Such was the result of this famous suit. Being obliged to conceal myself among the multitude, I took advantage of my obscurity to step about unnoticed among them, not a soul suspecting that the poor bellows mender, so much talked of, might be a decently dressed man, and of appearance indicating a respectable rank in society. The most ridiculous stories were published about my marriage and my absconding. I was forced to laugh with others, but was mortified to observe that they who most amused themselves at the expense of Aurora, were not the most backward in declaiming against what they termed my base conduct. My own opinion, together with the advice of my friends, determined me to quit Lyons, and to deposit my property in a city where my name and history were alike unknown. Paris was the place of my choice. The immense population of that city would better put it in my power to escape observation, and I could employ my capital to more advantage. There your friend, but recently a bellows mender, with one hundred thousand crowns, and the credit of his Lyonese friends, established a commercial house, which proved fortunate beyond his expectations. For five years I was the favorite of fortune, and my conscience is my witness, that not one of my speculations ever cost me a blush.

I kept up a brisk correspondence with Lyons, and a fortunate event afforded me the opportunity of rendering an essential service to one of the first bankers of that ci-

ty. His gratitude prompted him to send me a pressing invitation to visit him, as he earnestly wished for my acquaintance. I yielded to his solicitations, as well as to gratify my desire to breathe the same air with my beloved Aurora. I sat out for Lions with an equipage, domestics, and every thing in the first style of dress and appearance; but, for the first time, nothing of all this was borrowed, and the happy effects of my industry promised a continuance of prosperity. My friends scarcely knew me, so that it was not difficult to escape the observation of more recent acquaintance. Without seeming to have any concern or interest in the matter, I talked of the famous law-suit which five years before had so much interested the whole city, and concluded with asking some general questions about Aurora and her family, as a thing of course, and in which I had no particular concern. I learnt that my wife's father was dead a short time before, and that from considerable losses in business, together with his fondness for public offices, and his expensive education of his daughter, he had left his affairs in such a bad situation that Aurora had scarce any resources left for her maintenance, except a kind of dependence upon the bounty of the mother Abbess, with whom she still continued. I also well knew that besides the general concern for her welfare she had ever inspired me with, her conduct and behaviour had been such as to secure her as much esteem and admiration as ever: For every one observed that the bellows mender had not given himself the least trouble to reclaim the right and property in her which had been wrested from him.

(To be continued.)

For the Casket.

A FRAGMENT.

***** “No earthly object is more truly angelic—none more strikingly exhibits the divine origin of virtue, than the countenance of an elegant and innocent female.”

I spoke not of the mere texture of the skin, the symmetry of features; but, of a face, resplendant with

mental rays—of a countenance beaming with sincerity, virtue and intelligence.

Amelia sat beside me—and *I felt* that my observation was verified by her countenance. We had spent the afternoon, surrounded by domestic friends, in innocent sociality; and the evening seemed to invite all the pleasures of a domestic circle. Just then entered two Beaux—*creatures* that flutter around the fair, and serve them *equally well*—as walking sticks in the promenade; or as partners, to blunder through a cotillion.

They came to conduct the ladies' to a *dance*. Involuntarily I prayed heaven, that such a countenance, as then beamed upon me, might not be mared by a night of riot and dissipation. Attracted by the happy scene around her, I saw, with exultation, that Amelia shrunk from the idea of leaving us, and *almost refused*. The beaux chatted of the pleasures of a ball—spoke of Miss Maria and Miss Charlotte, flaunting there, in all their finery, and concluded with a description of the brilliant varieties which invited to pleasure. Amelia listened with complacency. I saw the spirit of dissipation kindle in her eyes, and light up unhallowed fires in her countenance. Every moral restraint was broken down, and she was soon prepared to join the vain pleasure-intoxicated crew.

I gazed on her as she departed, and *even yet* I beheld a countenance, transparent, ingenuous and glowing with all the freshness of nature. Virtue, modesty, innocence and animation, were there commingled, though faintly shaded by the anticipation of vain and frivolous pleasures.

***** The ball was over—the night had flown—I went to Amelia's dwelling—she had just risen, at ten, from a feverish bed. Good heaven! what a *change*! The rose and the lily no longer commingled their hues on her cheeks. The modest blush of nature; the animation of her features; the intelligence of her azure eyes; the pure vermillion of her lips, all were buried in the deep and feverish hue of intemperate dissipation. The very spirit of languor, dimmed her eye; and all

the brightness of her face was shrouded in the heavy flush of excess. The enthusiastic admiration, which she had excited, the evening before, vanished ; for not one ray of that intelligent and lovely mind, which then filled her face, with almost seraphic beauty, was now visible. In sadness and pity I gazed upon her—"And is it thus," I exclaimed, "O fashionable dissipation, that thou dost mar the loveliest portions of human nature? Is it thus that thou dost aid the enemy of God, by dragging into thy polluted atmosphere, the innocent and the virtuous? And is it thus thou dost people the kingdom of vanity and guilt, with the purest of his works below? Procul! O procul! este profani. Ye simpering beaux--ye polluted devotees of fashion, and her intoxicating follies; away! push on if ye will, in the path of dissipation—but leave, Oh leave, the lovely Amelia, uncontaminated by your unhallowed excesses!"

A.



FOR THE CASKET.

TO be sparing of praise where it is justly due, is to weaken the spirit of improvement,—and to bestow encomiums where they are not deserved, is to feed roses to swine, when they should have adorned the bosom of the fair. In a country like this, where the means of education are within the reach of every man; and where legislative aid is readily granted for the instruction of youth, it is not a matter of wonder that we should find among all classes of community, such a fund of information, as raises us, in this respect, *at least*, to a proud eminence, above every other people. The genius of literature has long since awoken from her slumbers in the cells of monkish superstition and ignorance; and is now shedding her blessed influence over most of the nations of Europe. In Catholic countries, indeed, where ignorance is still held to be the "mother of devotion," men yet grope in intellectual darkness; but England and the United States bask in the full glare of the sun of science.

But while we are sporting in the rays of the noon-

day sun, we should not forget the source whence they spring. The Egyptian celebrates, with festive rites, the inundations of the Nile; and in return for the fertility which they bestow, looks with gratitude to the hills which contribute to its overflowing.

— “To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,”

has been called a “delightful task,” but *experience only* can prove that it is a task, arduous and difficult as it is pleasing. Under the wise and politic administration of Lycurgus, Sparta justly ranked the instructors of youth among the noblemen of the land. Although the guardians of our literary institutions, sometimes laid by careless heads,

“On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.”

Yet, when men who are competent for the undertaking, and calculated to succeed in the more lucrative, and in what *some* would call the more honorable employments of life, are willing to undertake the instruction of youth, they deserve to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of our race.

The public examination of the students of HUDSON ACADEMY, was held on Tuesday, 31st December; and I should do injustice to myself, and to the principle of the Academy, to withhold the expression of pleasure and gratification it afforded,—the handsome manner in which the students acquitted themselves on the occasion, must have convinced every person present, of the learning and zeal of the instructor; and the rapid progress and improvement of the instructed. The Latin and Greek languages were rendered and parsed, by some of the more advanced, with a degree of elegance and accuracy, we have rarely witnessed. Besides Geography and the different branches of the Mathematics, Chemistry had been taught to several, and we were happy to find that the female part of students had substituted this pleasing and useful study in the room of the more fashionable, but trivial and foolish accomplishments of the day.

To conclude—this Academy is, in every respect,

entitled to the patronage and confidence of the public; and it is sincerely hoped that MR. SMITH will meet with all the encouragement, which his industry and acquirements deserve.

ACADEMICUS.

—•••••
FOR THE CASKET.

SCRAPS.

.....

MAGNANIMITY.

CICERO, the celebrated Roman orator and statesman, wrote a book in praise of Cato, who had been the most implacable enemy of Julius Cæsar. The latter, of course, felt himself deeply wounded; for he considered the praises lavished on the memory of Cato, as so many reproaches aimed at his own person. Being at that time dictator, he had completely in his own power, both the fortunes and the life of his antagonist. Yet he was content with fighting him with his own kind of weapons. He wrote a book in answer to Cicero's book, which, together with the author, he treated very sarcastically:—and there the matter ended.

—•••••
Messala, a compatriot with Cicero, was one of the noblest, as well as the most accomplished persons of the age. Together with the other distinguished patriots, he was proscribed by the Triumvirate, Octavius, Anthony and Lepidus. Cicero, his intimate friend, and a great many besides, were murdered in consequence of the proscription. Messala escaped from his pursuers; and shortly after, he had the life of one of the Triumvirate completely in his own power. Octavius was defeated in battle by S. Pompey, on the coasts of Sicily. Of his army, the remnant that had escaped slaughter was utterly dispersed. Attended with only one domestic, and being in the utmost distress and danger of his life, he cast himself upon the hospitality of Messala; who was so far from avenging himself on the man that had proscribed him and set a price upon his head, that he requited him with kindness and afforded him hospitable succour.

In the bloody reign of Robespierre, two Abbés, both of the name of Guillon, were confined together in the same prison at Paris. There was ordered a general massacre of the prisoners there confined; who were conducted out of the prison, in small companies, into the adjoining yard; where ruffians stood ready to dispatch them. One of the Abbe Guillons was among the first who were led forth to execution. At the moment he was expecting instant death, a messenger from the municipality of Paris arrived; and inquiring for the Abbe Guillon, delivered him a written paper containing an order, or mandate, for his being set at liberty. When the Abbe began reading it, hope and joy beamed in his countenance; but, on further perusal, he perceived it was not intended for *him*, but for his fellow prisoner of the same name. He had before him the alternative, of saving his own life ingloriously, or losing it honorably. On the one hand, by availing himself of the mandate that had been given him by mistake, he might escape with impunity; on the other, his fellow prisoner, for whom it was meant, must have suffered death.

The struggle was short. Magnanimity and a delicate sense of honor, (probably *religious principle* also,) prevailed with him over the love of life. After pausing a moment, he observed to the messenger that the Abbe Guillon for whose benefit the mandate was intended, was not himself, but one who was within the walls of the prison; and then, turning himself about, he walked up to the ruffian-executioners with a firm step, and intrepid countenance, and instantly met his fate. Z.

VARIETY.

A gentleman at an Inn having a very long bill of fare presented to him by the landlord, asked his name; "*Patridge*," said the landlord,—"*Indeed*," says the guest, "*I thought it had been Snipe, by the length of your bill.*"

"Man! know thyself—all wisdom centers there."

Law is like a thornbush, dangerous to be handled ; like a bunch of fish-hooks, full of catches ; and like bad weather, most people choose to keep clear of it.

He who imagines perfection exists in man, shows his own want of it by so thinking.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.

For the Casket.

“He sets the fox to keep his geese.”—This proverb reflects upon the ill conduct of men, in the management of affairs, by entrusting either sharpers with their money—blabs with their secrets—enemies or informers with their lives. No obligation can bind against nature ; a fox will love a goose, though his skin be stripped over his head for it ; and a common cheat will always follow his old trade, of tricking his friend, in spite of promises, principle, honor, justice, or good faith. P. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the 1st and 2d numbers of the “OBSERVER” under the signature of “HERMES,” but they are too incorrect to meet the approbation of the public.

Our correspondents are requested to avoid profane swearing, as much as possible ; it is not only a breach of the rules of politeness, but very disgusting and pernicious to society.

“TIMOTHY AIMWELL’S” communication including an extract from a letter, which he received from an old friend in Claverack, shall have a place in our next number.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Jerod Macy to Miss Mary Coffin.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Samuel Porter to Miss Cornelia Reed.

At Athens, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Prentice, Mr. Joseph Hull to Miss Narcissa Foster, all of that place.



APOLONIAN WREATH.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN; OR,
THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A FABLE.....BY P. PINDER, ESQ.

Young women !....don't be fond of *killing* ;
 Too well I know your hearts unwilling
 To hide beneath the veil a charm.....
 Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
 And with a neck to thrill the soul
 Of every swain with love's alarm.
 Yet, if PRUDENCE be not near,
 Its *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimple smile and pouting lip,
 Where little CUPIDS nectar sip,
 Are very pretty lures I own ;
 But ah ! if PRUDENCE be not nigh,
 Those lips where all the CUPIDS lie,
 May give a passage to a *groan*.

A ROSE, in all the pride of bloom,
 Flinging around her rich perfume,
 Her form to public notice pushing,
 Amidst the summer's golden glow,
 Peep'd on a STRAWBERRY below,
 Beneath a leaf in secret blushing.

" Miss STRAWBERRY," exclaim'd the ROSE,

" What's beauty that no mortal knows ?

" What is a charm if never seen ?

" You really are a pretty creature ;

" Then wherefore hide each blooming feature ?

" Come up and show you modest mein."

" Miss ROSE," the STRAWBERRY replied,

" I never did possess a pride,

"That wish'd to *dash* the public eye ;
 "Indeed I own I am *afraid*.....
 "I think there's safety in the *shade* ;
 "AMBITION causes many a sigh."

"Go simple child," the Rose rejoin'd,
 "See how I wanton in the wind :
 "I feel no danger's dread alarms ;
 "And then observe the God of day,
 "How amorous with his golden ray,
 "To pay his visits to *my* charms !"

No sooner said, but with a scream,
 She started from her favorite theme.....

A clown had on her fix'd his *hat* ;
 In vain she screech'd, Hob did but smile,
 Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
 Then bluntly stuck her in his hat !!

THE SIGH.

Oh ! give to sorrow momentary ease,
 Thou gentle tell-tale of a pensive breast ;
 For thou, when cheating hope no more can please,
 Thou canst afford at least a transient rest.

Oh ! then, ambiguous joyless, softly rise,
 While the tear trembles on the pallid cheek ;
 Severe the virtue, which a *sigh* denies,
 To save the breaking heart that dares not speak.

For the Casket.

EPITAPH.

John Hageman, which lieth here,
 Was aged twenty-eight last year ;
 And near this place his mother lies,
 Also, his father when he dies.

OSANDER, Jun.

HUDSON:

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